A Killer's Story by Pastel_Mint_Boy

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Summary:

Danny and the gang make a discovery that only proves what they suspected all along but while that brings a new spark in their efforts, soon Danny is faced with a bigger issue, one that was the last thing on his mind and throwing Vlad in the mix does not make it any easier.

Follows: His Name Is Vlad (The Impaler)

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A Killer's Story

Author's Note:

Things are starting to heat up ^o

It had been another one of those nights, where the group huddled together in front of fire after scavenging for their next adventure- or more so their next challenge. The four teens had endured several rounds of being hunted and gutted down like fish. Yet, they reappeared by this particular fire, battle wounds and perks alike being applied to them, still trying to find a way out of this hellhole.

“Dude… It feels like forever since we had a break…” Tucker sighs, cracking open a book he found along the group scavenge. He had his hopes up high that this book was some sort of secret, maybe an easter egg that told of the lore of the land. Possibly an escape route if they were lucky. It was wishful thinking, he knew, but if he had remembered anything about *games* , then he knew it was plausible. It didn’t hurt that this book was some semblance of normality out of these abandoned buildings and desolate patches of forests.

Sam, who had been stoking the fire, nods in agreement. “Yeah, I wouldn’t be surprised if this is the first break we had in a while… I haven’t heard the horns in however long it’s been.”

Time had been lost on the lot, since night traversed into night without so much as a consideration of day. They had been used to it at this point, but it was inferioriating nonetheless. No sense of sanity or horizon beyond the trees that showed that there was any shred of salvation. It was a constant reminder that this was life as they knew it, a hard pill to swallow.

At least for now, Tucker had been sifting through pages of… Well, he

wasn't quite sure. A lot of them were torn, a lot of them weathered and fell apart from the harsh conditions it was left in. Sam had glanced over, watching as the fellow teen laid the book down on the patch of dirt, carefully peeling page from page not trying to destroy the book further.

"Where did you say you found this again?" The goth asks curiously, leaning in further, trying to read.

Tucker flips the page as gently as possible, "Found it in an abandoned construction site, the whole area was under water. Surprised this thing isn't just mush." He sighs, "And nothing is readable so far. Maybe it was just decoration or something."

"Hey you tried, anything at this point would be helpful." She notes, dropping the stick into the fire. Her gaze goes from the flames upwards to the boys across from her. Dash laid curled, sleeping quietly while Danny sat beside him silently contemplating while gripping onto his blanket, eyes heavy with sleep as he tried to focus on the fire before him. It hadn't been long since Dash had joined their group, he held up pretty well for being new and luckily not under the delusion that this was just some twisted dream. If she was being honest, out of all of them, Dash would be the one she was most concerned with. Not only being new, but dying horrifically in his first run.

There was no point in having reservations about him now, he wanted out just as badly as they did. So if that meant helping each other, then so be it. With that all clear, her eyes focus on Danny. Other than Tucker, Danny had been the next liveliest person, he had hope that they would find a way out of this. He was sort of their equilibrium between Tucker and her, how with Tucker's optimism and her doubt, he just was reasonable.

Danny might have disagreed with that notion, but he truly brought some sense of sanity.

But as of lately, Danny seemed to be more reserved and more snippy. A lot of their conversations ended with the teen being clipped or just blowing off the whole discussion in favor of silence. At this point, she was more worried that Danny's sanity was dwindling by the second.

She speaks up, "Hey Danny."

Said teen snaps from his trance, looking up to meet her gaze. "Yeah… What's up?"

Sam offers a reassuring smile, "How have you been feeling? Y'know, to finally catch a break?"

Danny shrugs, "It's good… Hopefully it will last a little longer…" His eyes fall on the flames once more.

And that was it, there was no more to add or take away. Sam teethed at her lower lip, working up the nerve to start another conversation until Tucker buds in.

"Hey! I found something, come take a look!" Tucker gestures, scooting himself and the book closer to the light of the flames. Both Sam and Danny are at his side in a matter of moments, a sleepy Dash takes a bit longer but soon the whole group is peering over the tech's shoulder.

“That’s the Impaler guy, right?” Dash asks, rubbing his eyes as he tries to focus on the page. It was a crudely drawn illustration that looked to be from several ions ago, black ink on heavily yellowed paper. Drawn out by hand, it looked to be some sort of writing attached to it.

Tucker nods, “Yeah and like there’s a whole story behind him.”

“Well, go on, read it.” Danny nudges the tech, his mood from before seemingly melted away, now wide awake and interested in painting his features. He wasn’t the only one who was curious thankfully since Dash and Sam nodded in unison.

“Alright, alright… Buckle up, it looks sort of long.” Tucker takes a deep breath, “The tale of Vlad the Impaler, a name derived from the 1400’s. A man ruled the lands and impaled hundreds upon thousands of men onto spears, said to have eaten with the enjoyment of watching the impalement. Vlad had come amongst history known as the very first Dracula.”

They all cringe as pictures of the subjects being impaled amongst the man who was assumed to be Vlad. “Who had the gall to draw this…?” Sam mumbles under her breath, grateful that Tucker flips the page.

He goes on, “But this man is no Dracula, he is no ruler. In fact, his origins are quite unknown. Yet, it has been said that he was once a part of the infamous mafia empire. He was a trusted lackey, close to the head honcho himself as the right wingman. Even the king pin was afraid of Vlad, stating ‘ *there is no soul in his eyes, let alone his heart.’* It seems from the beginning they hadn’t wanted Vlad there, yet, were too scared to cross him. It should come as to no surprise that one day

the man was accused of betraying the mafia. Spilling secrets to the police or a rival group, whatever the such, they say the price to pay is your tongue. It is speculated that Vlad had his tongue sliced out and then subsequently killed and thrown off the bridge in the middle of the night."

"That's pretty fucked up." Dash comments, "If I was him, I'd come back for revenge too."

"Sure sure, but what does that have to do with us? None of us are a part of the mafia, I think. Right? I knew I wouldn't be." Sam furrows her brows, looking at the others, who also nods in agreement.

"Yeah, to begin with none of us were born in however long ago it was." Danny adds, ruffling his hair in frustration. Not only were they not a part of some mafia gang, but this didn't really explain why *they* were there in the first place. So this dude wants revenge, cool, in fact, good for him. But why them and why are they here instead of the guys who did it to him in the first place? That was more fucked up in his opinion.

Tucker sighs, "There's more, wait… The myth is, Vlad had plans to commit to and was killed heinously before being able to make them. Of course that much is speculated. But many people didn't come up to identify the body and those who did were unable to recognize him. Thus, Vlad's remains are yet to be known."

The book is shut and long sat to the side as they huddle up to the fire. This bit of information, while interesting, wasn't quite useful. But clearly they were able to find it, especially in a construction site of all places, so it *had* to be something in their favor, right? The four of them tried to put their heads together, other than the life of Vlad, they really didn't know much. Why did he come back and kill them

specifically? What does this world have to do with it? And most importantly, why were they here in the first place?

Then there was the specific attention towards Danny. Which, he wouldn't disclose to the group but it just added another layer of 'why'.

"Maybe, he's just as lost as us. We don't know why we're here and maybe he doesn't either. He's just doing what he knows best." Tucker brings up.

"Yeah, that works. But it doesn't really help us. We know he wants to kill us and we don't want to die. So there's no real point." Sam sighs, "Besides, if he's just as clueless, then trying to talk with a killer isn't ideal."

"If he can talk, remember he has no tongue." Dash tosses in there, as helpful as ever. It just makes the lot of them roll their eyes when the teen mocks the killer.

Danny sighs, "Alright, so we agree that we're here, regardless if we want to be or not. He's probably the same, so that means that *something* here is pulling the strings. But who is that?"

"Yo, maybe it's like some matrix stuff? Inception?" The jock gestures, although all of them shake their heads.

"I don't want to go down that road. Let's say, whatever is happening, however it's happening, we should be able to find a way out of it,

yknow?" Danny sighs, resting his face in his hands. There had to be a way out of this. He couldn't believe it, but that whole, ' *if there's a will, there's a way'* saying has become his mantra.

Suddenly Danny snaps his head up, startling them. "Tucker, let me see the book!"

The fellow teen hands the book over, watching curiously as Danny flips through the pages. "Duh, of course it would make sense. It doesn't necessarily get us any closer but it's proof." He says vaguely, getting back to the story of Vlad.

"What are you talking about?" Sam makes her way over, staring at the page curiously.

"This world, it's not the only one. Realistically, how this place works doesn't make any sense but… Here!" Danny points enthusiastically. "This whole passage is from a person who isn't Vlad or us. If we're literally the only people in this world, then how is it that this person writes about Vlad being somewhere other than here?"

They all seem pretty taken aback, Tucker and Dash seemingly speechless for the most part. But Sam nods furiously at Danny's conclusion. "So what do you think this is then?"

"I don't really know?" Danny gestures vaguely, "I don't know how this can help us, but it at least shows that there's something else. There's more to this, whatever *this* is."

Before they could brainstorm more, the horns go off and like clockwork they stand, giving each other a look. One that says they were more determined before, that they would figure out what all this means. This world has not bested them just yet.

Danny had trekked by himself, at this point, while preferred not to die, he was more confident that he was able to find at least one of the keys. They all marked on their makeshift maps what locations were most likely to have the things they needed and it seemed that three in a party would cover ground at the factory while Danny took on the abandoned school. It had only been a middle school, a small one at that, it shouldn't take that long to find something.

Prying open a window, Danny slid his slim frame through the opening. Pretty much a piece of cake. Now the real work began, quietly tiptoeing through the empty classrooms, all the desks were in pristine order except for being covered in a layer of years of dust and webs. Eerie but not enough to deter him from going further, nothing beats having to search the barn. Being strewn against the outside of its walls was his least favorite way to go. Well, other than being impaled of course.

It had been so long since any of that had happened to him gratefully. But just because the killer was slacking on his kills doesn't mean he was to be trusted. When he steps into the hallway and there's clanging of the lockers, Danny quickly turns while backing away and what he sees makes his heart sink.

It wasn't the masked killer he came to know as Vlad the Impaler but a new, what he assumed, killer. She looked to be an older woman dressed in a red suit, bearing a cat mask and was dripping with blood. The woman giggles sinisterly, waving and flashing her sharp

claws. In a matter of moments Danny is bolting, the clicking of her heels echoing through the halls. He barely was able to hear them over the sound of his breathing, but one thing was sure, her sultry yet maniac laugh was enough to let him know she was still on his tail.

It's a miracle that he's able to outrun and lose her, quietly shutting the classroom door behind him and sliding down. He just needed to catch his breath and collect his thoughts. Never had he seen her before. Just who was this? Had she always been here, just lurking? Did this mean that Vlad was no longer the only active threat?

Danny shudders, resting his forehead on his knees. He had to get a grip.

She was new, yeah. She could kill him. Certainly. But that wasn't going to stop him. A new threat was just a new adaptation he'd have to get used to. Danny gathers to his feet, taking one last deep breath before peering out the room, listening closely, he didn't hear her. No clicking of heels or maniacal laughter.

Quietly he leaves the room, walking down the halls and towards the library. When he gets through the door, he's quick to search around, checking through bookshelves and under tables. He moves on to the cafeteria, then to the teacher's lounge, in between the rooms he had checked the classes. It isn't until he happens in front of the principal's office that he feels a pit in stomach grow. Was it weird he had an inkling that the person from before might have resided in here?

Trying to brush it off and power forward, he sneaks in, and as if an obviously placed item is for a trap, there laid one of the keys, perched perfectly in the middle of the principal's desk. Swallowing, he grabbed it and just as he suspected, the doors were blown wide open and there stood the woman in red.

“There you are… And what do you think you’re doing here?” She cackles, “No matter, I will just have to punish you.” The woman says sickly sweet, for a split her demure is calm before she runs at Danny. The boy does his best to dodge her claws, red nails nicking his arm and a searing pain follows. But the adrenaline that’s pumping through his veins pushes past it and he bolts.

The halls feel like forever, every door, every turn feels redundant and he wouldn’t be surprised if this is some sick twist of her powers or the world they’re in.

It doesn’t matter.

Especially when Danny sees a familiar figure, which he subsequently runs into. He’s body stiffens and he struggles to break free from Vlad’s hold.

“No, no!” Danny shouts, trying to shove the man away, kicking his legs as he’s lifted off his feet. He swears his blood runs cold, if not the lady, he would die this way. By Vlad’s hands, the way he was held, he was going to be impaled. He was sure of it.

“What are you doing here!?” The woman screams furiously, her face red and contorting as her temper goes uncontained. “He is *mine* to kill!”

Vlad says nothing, instead he turns and leaves with the boy firmly in his hold. He doesn’t flinch when the woman slashes at his back, angry blisters forming underneath the ruined clothes. The woman continues to scream angrily, soon piercing her nails into the locker and ripping through it.

“I will have your fucking head!” She shouts loud enough for the man to hear, but soon everything else is drowned out when they’re outside the school.

Vlad easily puts Danny down, watching the boy curiously when he tries to catch his breath. He’s shaky on his feet and truly out of energy but when he’s able to hold his own, he backs away from the killer.

“W-We gotta stop meeting like this…” Danny says weakly, pocketing the key when he realizes his hand is bleeding from gripping it too hard. That was the least of his issues now, since his whole arm is bleeding and Vlad is standing before him.

Even so, he doesn’t run. “I suppose you want to thank you again… But I didn’t ask for you to help me and I still don’t know what you want.” Danny starts, waving the man off even though he hadn’t said anything. “It’s getting weird, you, finding me everywhere. I don’t wanna know how. Because I feel like *this* isn’t supposed to happen and- and…”

The boy nearly falls, having the man hold him steady. Which makes Danny furious but at this point he’s too worn, his head swimming. “I feel sick…”

He doesn’t know when Vlad carried him back to the- Well, he wasn’t sure. Upon first observation, his limbs were tangled in dingy sheets while head rested on a pillow. Moving to his side, he takes in the walls of the place. The way the wood laid next to each other, floor filled with muck, dirt, and other various things that were tracked in from the outdoors.

It had been a cabin.

A cabin out in the forests.

Daniel snorts, trying to ease himself up, leaning against the wall for support. His arm stung along the way, making him wince and turn it over.

“Well fuck…” He mutters, it was infected. Whatever was on the crazy woman’s nails had caused his skin to swell and turn red. Blood had crusted over the wound and if he wasn’t dead, he was sure he was poisoned. His eyes snap up, watching as the door creaks open and heavy steps follow.

First instinct is to run, but it could have been from fatigue, or the wounds or maybe he just didn’t want to. But he didn’t. Instead he

watches as Vlad carries a weapon in one and some sort of box in the other. Danny swallows thickly, maybe the man was going to kill him after all.

Vlad turns his gaze towards the boy, tilting his head and walking over to offer the box. Danny reaches with his good arm, taking it. He tries to focus on opening it up instead of the intense gaze casted on him. Even though something like this has happened before, Danny still feared it was some sort of trap. Instead it laid medical supplies.

Danny peeks up, daring to take in the man's soulless gaze full on. "I...I need your help…"

Biting down, he chokes back a whine as the wraps are tightened around his arm. After a full bottle of antiseptic and stitching, dressing the wound was akin to adding salt. His skin begging for reprieve and having no choice but to wrap anyway if he ever wanted it to be useful.

Still after it's done, Danny has to put his arm in a makeshift sling. He wasn't about to use it any time soon. Instead he lays back, huffing as Vlad stares at him. "Thanks!" He barks out, looking away. A sigh escapes him, "Could you not stare at me..? This isn't how I wanted this to go… For *us* to meet like this… *Again* . I mean it, you didn't have to save me or help me… Hell, I would rather you kill me…"

He looks back at Vlad, not expecting any response. Then it dawns on him, the story from before. Should he bring it up? If the lore was possibly true, maybe reminding the killer about it didn't sound favorable at all. Yet, if anything he said before was true, dying didn't matter in the first place.

"You were a part of the mafia, weren't you?" Danny continues shakily, "And you killed people for a living… I don't know much about it, but…" Danny ends up jolting up, yelping as a sharp pain shoots up his arm. Vlad had sat down on the bed, resting his weight leaning over the teen. He challenges the boy seemingly, wanting him

to continue. So the boy obliges, “B-But… You were killed and… And losing your tongue… Is that why you can’t speak?”

The man tilts his head the other way, staring at Danny. Of course he wouldn’t be able to say much but he hadn’t had a negative reaction, so maybe Danny was onto something. “What they did to you… It’s pretty fucked up… And not deserved, I don’t think…”

The teen holds his breath as Vlad brings a hand to his neck, stroking the skin there with a thumb. His instinct is that he would be strangled, instead he’s continuingly rubbed on and they fall into the same routine. Vlad plays into his fascination with the boy’s hair while Danny relaxes, his heart still beating in his ears.

Why did they fall into this same pattern? How did they do it? It still wasn’t clear and there were a lot of things that still didn’t make sense. Should he get used to this treatment from the man? God, he was so tired of questioning every little action or every little thing. He wasn’t sure if it drove him more mad or brought him closer to the truth.

At least for the moment he could possibly indulge in this?

He’s not particularly sure and he’ll probably regret it later but for now, he just allows this moment in time. Where Vlad isn’t this ruthless killer and he isn’t some sort of victim trying to escape for his life.

Author's Note:

> I'm not gonna lie, I've had this story written for months but after reading it over, I really wanted to work on it again. So let me know what you think so far?